

11-2-1908

Letter from Ruby Willis, Wellesley, Massachusetts,  
to Miss Margery Willis, Reading, Massachusetts,  
1908 November 2

Ruby Willis

Wellesley College Archives

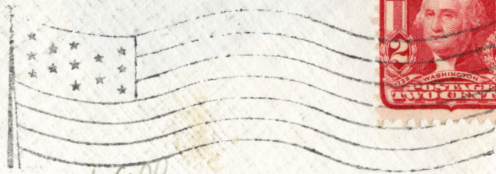
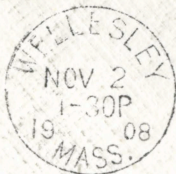
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Miss Margery Willis,

Reading,

Massachusetts.

MAY 2 1908  
6 PM  
REC'D.



Monday, Nov. 2, 1908.

My dear ones at home, —

Well, here I am at the beginning of another week which I hope will not be quite so strenuous as the last was, though I certainly did have a splendid time. I had a perfectly lovely time at the wedding, as you know. I came in on a train chiefly patronized by laborers, though Margaret Canty went as far as Wakefield Junction with me. I was pretty sleepy most of the way back, but the wedding was certainly worth it. Thursday was a miserably rainy day, wasn't it?



Friday, I hardly know what I did, but I was busy all day. Then Saturday was truly my busy day! I had classes in the morning, then came home to luncheon, put on my new blue rajah dress (which I love very much!) my fur coat and black hat, a black face veil & my blue chiffon veil, and then I was ready for the sacrifice. I borrowed Susan's muffs, for I knew my hands would freeze, it was so terribly cold. Fletcher came out for me. Wasn't that shorty? We went in town & then out to Cambridge & to the Stadium. I have been in the stadium before but never for a football game, and it is just the prettiest sight you could imagine. All the bright colored hats & veils the girls wear



are set off by the black or dark suits of the men, and  
Of course everyone was bundled up in furs on Saturday.  
The game was very exciting in spots. Of course, Harvard  
won, though the score was only 6 to 2. The game was  
over about half-past four, and from then until  
half-past five we walked around Cambridge. Then,  
if you please, we went to dinner at Memorial Hall.  
Sad to relate, girls aren't allowed in the big dining-  
hall where a thousand or twelve hundred men  
eat, but there is a small dining-room off the main  
hall where men can take girls. We had dinner there,  
then took the electric to Newton, where we got  
the 6:20 train from Boston, arriving here about 7:10.  
We hurried up here to Freeman, so that I could  
register, and then went <sup>out</sup> ~~up~~ to see the campaign  
parade. You see, I had found that I couldn't  
get back here early enough to get dressed up  
for the parade, so I thought Fletcher might as  
well come out with me and we could watch the  
whole thing. I'm very glad I did, for I think it  
was lots more fun to watch it than to be in it.  
But it certainly was the cleverest thing I ever  
saw! I do hope that when Margery is here,  
four years from now, I shall be where I can come  
out to see the campaign parade. I suppose






you have seen accounts of it in the newspapers & I certainly hope you have, for it's very hard to describe it. The Republicans led the parade, marshalled by two girls dressed as Rough Riders on horseback. The mass of the republicans followed in various costumes carrying transparencies with sentiments like "Down with Bryan" etc. on them. The Philipinos & negro (the colored vote) were all there, many small children representing anti-race suicide, phonetic spelling, and other groups that

I don't remember now. Some had horns,  
some the Bohemian's rattles, and all  
shouted & yelled for Taft. The Socialists  
came next, vivid in red, with the cry  
"Vote for Debs, vote for Debs  
He's the man that frees the plebs".

There were some suffragettes in their  
band, the most ridiculous women you  
ever saw. Much red light was set off  
by the socialists, though all parties  
carried torches, and O, I forgot, that  
a real band led the whole procession.

The prohibitionists were about as  
funny as anything. You should have  
seen the Down-Trodden Wives and  
the Downbeards' Children, but the thing



that amused the men the most, was their mournful cry of "Where is my wandering boy to - night?" and again "Save the boys!" "No lady smokers" was another sign, & "Drinks to me only with thine eyes" another song. Of course the W. C. T. U. ladies & the Salvation Army was enrolled under the  prohibitionist banner. We followed the parade around for awhile, and then went up on the hill to hear the speeches. Uncle Sam presided & introduced the speakers, & as he said, never was there such a distinguished company together before, and never would be again. The speeches were perfectly rich, such good take-offs on the candidates. Taft & Sherman, Roosevelt, Bryan & Kern, Debs, & Chapin, - they were all present, to say nothing of Jack London, the socialist author, Senator Jefferson Davis from Arkansas, & others. The speeches lasted until about quarter past nine, and then I sent Fletcher home, for I was rather tired. Miss Dennison gave us hot chocolate & crackers when we got home, & it certainly did taste good. Now don't you think that was a strenuous day? I was so tired that I didn't get up to breakfast, but Miss Chapin





saved me some coffee from her  
breakfast and heated it again for me.  
I then dressed & went to church, then to  
Beebe to dinner with Miss Bertha  
Caswell, and I stayed over there until  
after four o'clock talking. I came back  
to Freeman, stayed about half an hour,  
& then went over to Wilder, where I stayed  
to supper with Hortense Peters. I had  
fully made up my mind not to go to  
vespers, but just as I was leaving  
Wilder, Miss Merrill, one of the Math.



faculty whom I admire very much, tho' I do not know her well, asked me if I wouldn't escort her to chapel. Of course I did, and then most of the evening was gone. One of the girls had a Halloween box, so we stayed in her room until after tea having a good time.

To-day many of the semi-final contests for Field Day, between 1910 & 1911, are to be played, and so my afternoon will probably be spent watching the tennis matches. This evening Madame Louise Homer is to give a concert here, so I think my day is fairly full, not to mention heaps of academic work. This is a strenuous life, all right.

If you should happen to find my white sweater, please send it to me, for I should like it for next Monday, Field Day.

Well, I must close this volume now, & get to the "heavy academic." With heaps of love to you all,

Ruby.